

Good Morning 376

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

All around the Home Town

DISAPPEARING TRICK.

BEER is short enough in Southampton pubs these days, but licensees have a headache from another cause. They fear that they'll soon have nothing left to serve the beer in.

Glasses are being stolen at such a rate that it is almost impossible to replace them; some landlords are even considering charging a deposit on every glass before serving a drink.

The manager of one hotel with several big bars declared that he is losing 300 glasses a month.

"Women are mostly to blame for the disappearance of spirit glasses," he said. "I saw a woman put two in her handbag the other night, and was her face red when I tackled her!"

Another landlord stopped five men as they were leaving his pub one evening; each was in possession of a purloined pint mug.

"Souvenir-hunters" have completely stripped some bars and lounges of ash trays. The proprietor has solved this problem by putting out old tin lids as ash trays. He has not lost one lid yet!

BITER BITTEN.

A TAXI driver picked up some American soldiers in a West Country town the other night and drove them a few

miles to their camp outside. "How much?" asked one of the Yanks.

"Twenty-five shillings," said the taxi-man.

The Americans argued that it was too much, and the cab-driver retorted sarcastically, "You ought to buy a car."

Now, it happened that the soldiers had been out card-playing, and won a "packet." So they asked the taxi-man—an owner-driver—how much he wanted for his cab, and before he knew what had happened the deal had been struck.

"Now," said one of the Yanks, "I suppose you want to be driven back to town."

The doughboys landed the ex-owner near his home, and just as he was making off one shouted, "That will be £2 10s."

And the taxi-man paid up!

THERE was a scrimmage for the British Restaurant at Plympton, South Devon, when somebody spread the news that this B.R. had a notice behind the counter: "If you haven't had enough you may ask for more."

The notice was there all right—but the fellow who saw it first omitted to notice that the word "enough" was followed by—POTATOES!

POETRY—PASSION—POISON

A MAN forgot an initial in a letter he sent to a poste restante address at a Kentish Town post office.

The result was that at the Central Criminal Court on May 31st, 1876, the trial began of Mrs. Helen Snee and William Vance on a joint indictment containing six separate counts, the first of which was that these two had conspired together "and feloniously and of malice aforethought, intending to kill and murder one Helen Snee."

Mrs. Helen Snee was being charged with trying to murder herself; but, in case the defence could upset the prosecution on this point, the second count said she "conspired to cause the death of a person unknown."

HER defending counsel, who was Mr. Horace Avory (later Justice Avory), argued that as for suicide, there was in law a distinction between suicide and murder, and that no conspiracy existed. (Later in life Mr. Justice Avory ruled that in law self-destruction was murder, which is how the law has always stood.)

The solicitor who instructed Mr. Horace Avory to defend Helen Snee was himself in love with her. So were others. The man who stood in the dock with her did not know her at all.

The Judge (Mr. Justice Mellor) had had so much experience of perjury in the witness-box that he had published a pamphlet advocating the abolition of evidence on oaths.

The indictment had been drawn up (as was said later) in "careless fashion," so that the Judge could not give the sentence he would have liked to give.

And behind all this lay a story of poetry and passion, such as the Old Bailey has seldom heard.

Helen Snee was a beauty, there can be no doubt of that. She had amber hair, a passionate, sensitive face, bright grey eyes, a figure that was perfect. She fascinated all men who came within her orbit.

She was in her early twenties and lived with her husband in Crowndale Road, Camden Town. She was fond of art and literature. Also, she had two children.

Her husband was not, appar-

ently, of her stamp. He was a brewer's traveller, and was often absent from London for many days at a time, pushing the consumption of beer, while she pushed towards the appreciation of Art.

One of her friends was John Payne, a solicitor, who was a language expert and a poet of sufficient note to be mentioned by Swinburne in flattering terms. Two others of her friends were Arthur W. O'Shaughnessy, also a poet, who worked in the British Museum, and John T. Nettlehip, an artist. The three used to visit Mrs. Snee's home.

Payne, a sensitive man, a martyr to shyness, found her sympathetic and responsive. She drew him out and discussed his work. To him, Helen Snee was as Beatrice to Dante, as Nicolette to Aucassin—a goddess. But she always called him "Mr. Payne."

Nettlehip was called "Jack," but O'Shaughnessy was much nearer to her heart than the other two. Just whether she was also in love with Nettlehip cannot be proved, but after she had a quarrel with him she addressed herself to O'Shaughnessy, writing him letters in which she called him "My pretty Sweet," "Golden Heart," and signing herself "Your poor Slave." And she got him to send his replies to fictitious initials at a London post office, where he collected the letters.

But the liaison was one-sided. After an interval O'Shaughnessy's ardour cooled and he began to neglect her. She invited him to her home

when her husband was absent often enough. But after a period O'Shaughnessy seemed to prefer another siren who worked in a glove shop.

Then Helen found that her husband was given to having supper parties with ladies of a ballet. She wrote in the most passionate language to O'Shaughnessy, begging him to come to her, but he wrote back a strange rigmorale (too long to reproduce) which ought to have shown her he no longer wanted her. A few months later O'Shaughnessy married another lady.

The next step in the passion drama was an advertisement in a London newspaper:

"To Medical men in need of money, or Students well up in Chemistry and Anatomy. A gentleman engaged in an interesting experiment is willing to give liberal remuneration for professional assistance.—W.Q., Post Office, Junction Road, Kentish Town."

The advertisement attracted the attention of a young medical student, William K. Vance, who replied.

Correspondence was carried on through the post office address, and Vance was promised £100. He was asked to supply drugs, the reason given being that a "niece" (non-existent) would benefit from a will, and that the death of the person intended to die was to be such that a coroner's services would not be required.

Mrs. Snee, who conducted this correspondence with Vance, did not use her own name. She signed her letters "William Quarll."

Vance put up a pretty packet of drugs, including chloral and prussic acid; but he wanted the £100 and wrote for it. In a letter he wrote to "Mr. Quarll" he seems to have been well aware that his act was criminal.

"I must say there is always a risk of discovery with whatever mode of death be adopted, for the Registrar requires notice of 'cause of death' from the medical attendant. . . . The peculiarity of my suggestion is that although the actual cause of death is found out, and that cause a narcotic, yet the verdict will be most lenient, viz., 'by misadventure,' or, as it is sometimes phrased more specifically, 'the deceased was in the habit of taking chloral and died from an overdose.' . . . I can arrange details to square with this."

But here was where Vance forgot. In sending that letter to the post office he wrote the initials as "M. Q." The letter lay at the Kentish Town post office for a month. Then, according to rules, it was sent to the Dead Letter Department.

It was opened and read by a smart young man of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The references to poison made the official suspicious. He sent the letter to Scotland Yard.

The rest was easy. A dummy letter was sent to "W. Q.," and a detective watched Mrs. Snee call for it. She gave a false address to the clerk who asked for her address.

Since Vance's address was on his communication it was easy to arrest him. Next, Mrs. Snee was followed, and she, too, was arrested.

It must be said here that nobody ever could prove what she wanted the chloral and prussic acid for; that is,

nobody ever proved who she wanted to kill. She said that she wanted the drugs for herself. Vance never knew that he was dealing with a woman, but his offence was that he was willing to procure poison and hand it over for a killing.

Meanwhile, John Payne, the shy poet lover, arrived in England from abroad, and, hearing the situation, stepped forward to take up Mrs. Snee's defence. He did his best.

Horace Avory was then a rising barrister, and when he raised the question at the trial of the "distinction in law between suicide and murder," Mr. Justice Mellor left the bench to confer with a brother judge in another court on this point.

Evidence was given that Vance had in his room in Euston Road a variety of poisons, among them prussic acid, strychnine, morphia, laudanum, and tincture of belladonna. But in his favour it was urged that he had merely been willing to supply them, not to administer them; and that he had believed he was dealing with "William Quarll," and not with a woman.

It took the jury one hour to come to a decision. They found both prisoners guilty, but recommended them both to mercy. "Mrs. Snee because of her ill health, and William Vance because of his good character."

The Judge sentenced Helen Snee to six months' imprisonment, and then turned to Vance.

"The most serious part of your offence," he said, "is that, for all you knew to the contrary, the poison was required to encompass a death from which somebody would derive a benefit. . . . For all you knew, the drugs might have been intended to secure the means of poisoning a third person. You will go to prison for eighteen calendar months, and I regret I cannot add hard labour. This is because your offence is at Common Law, and Common Law knows nothing of hard labour."

Mrs. Snee was no longer beautiful when she left prison. She was consumptive. She died, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

And John Payne, the lover who remained faithful to her all these years? He was still the poet. In a volume he published in 1908 there is the sad song of "Her Grave," the first verse of which is:

Quiet is the night,
And the moon upon the graves
Is shining, shining;
And it's oh, my love, I'm pining,
And it's pining
For your sight!

When he died, among his treasures was found a lock of her hair. He, at any rate, never forgot.

Back-Room Evelyn bakes Wizard, Torp. Wilfred Steele

WHEN you go home on leave, Torpedoman Wilf Steele, you will find that the house has a delicious smell to it and the back room has been turned into a bakery!

On the evening we called at 2 Mill Street, Baxenden, your sister Evelyn was baking cakes and pies, and Father was giving a hand peeling the "spuds," with Mother—that is, when Mother gets a minute; but the two babies, Frankie and Irene, take up most of her time.

The potatoes are mixed with meat, and go into pies which Evelyn cooks and serves hot with peas to the mill hands.

Evelyn sends her love to you, and says you can help her in the bakery; and what could be nicer? She says that she is still as fond of baking as ever, but she wishes that the war was over, and then she can bake all kinds of things instead of sticking to the plainer varieties.

Your Father sent his love to you, and asked us to tell you that the business is doing fine, and if you are not careful you will be roped into it when you come home. He went up to see your Grandmother a short while ago, and she sent her love to you and is keeping very fit. Uncle Robert is doing wonders with his new shop, and Evelyn has already been to visit them several times.

"Keep smiling, son, and God bless you," is your Mother's message to you, Wilf, and she also asked us to tell you that little Frankie can say "Popeye" now, and tells everyone that "Popeye d'on on a tush tush." He has a whale of a time with all the cakes and pies; Eve-

lyn caught him in the bakery the other day, with a neat little circle of cakes around him, tasting each in turn.

Irene was asleep in the pram for a little while, but she woke up just before we left, and we want to congratulate you on your good taste in calling her Irene: it suits her down to the ground.

All's well at home, Wilfred—and the special message is: "Keep your pecker up; there'll be hot pies waiting for you!"



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

The Gold is Cursed

PART 15

Cornishman's Gold By Anthony Mawes

THEY were back on the other side of the subterranean pool, dressing with numbed fingers and shaking hands, and Martin through chattering teeth, was explaining to Morrow the exact significance of their discovery.

"And the only voice you could identify was that fellow Nickel's?" Morrow asked.

"That's all. Could you hear the other at all? Was it Watson, do you think?"

"I couldn't say. I don't know that I've heard him speak for twenty years."

"This pool explains a lot of things," Martin went on. "The walls, for instance. I imagine but for them the water might overflow into the hotel cellars at times. It looks as if that was why the passage was masoned up. And when the water does come, I can tell you it comes with a rush; I've seen it in the cave."

"I'll have a prowl round early to-morrow," he added, "and see if I can get into the place—"

A faint click from the end of the passage indicated that Anstice was opening the way. Morrow flashed his light in answering signal, and they hurried along towards the cellar.

Anstice met them with hand upraised in warning.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Be quick, someone's about."

Cautiously, Martin and his companion made for the trapdoor, and, to their surprise, Anstice followed them. She closed the flaps, then with a whispered, "This way," she led them past the silent garage by a side path into the garden. They gained the shelter of a rustic summer-house.

Anstice pushed to the ill-fitting door.

"I'm sure someone was spying on us," she said, in a positive voice. "Twice, while I was waiting, some one came part of the way downstairs and listened."

Morrow was instantly business-like.

"Could it possibly have been Watson?" he asked. "I don't see how he could have got to the cellar without having been seen."

"The point I want to settle," said Martin quickly, is: was Watson in to-night? I doubt it."

"I must go and change," said Morrow, and he made off to the hotel.

There was a little break in Anstice's voice as she asked what Martin had discovered in the passage.

Curiously enough she made no comment when he told her. It was not until he had finished that she said, with a touch of bitterness, "So the cave was the right way after all?"

"I'm not so sure," he said, surprised by her manner.

She sighed. Then, in an oddly serious voice, she went on:

"Will you promise me something?"

"What?"

"That you'll never try to swim that horrible lake again?"

"Well, I don't see how we can find old Parker's Hoard if I don't."

"I don't want to find it," she answered simply.

"I want to chuck the whole thing. I know it's cursed. Can't we give it up? Let Major Morrow do what he likes. Promise you won't go back to that awful tunnel. After all, it was I who asked you in the first place, and if I ask you not to now—"

Her voice was growing more and more unsteady. Suddenly her control gave way, and he heard her sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Let's make a bargain, Anstice," Martin said quietly. "I'll promise not to go there without you. Will that do?"

She was silent for a time. "All right," she agreed.

MR. Watson put on a dark rain-coat and went to the door. He walked idly up the deserted road that led to Porthwick, like a man bent on a few minutes' stroll; but, once clear of the village, he quickened his pace and stepped out sharply up the hill. Soon he broke into a trot.

It was a dark and gusty night, starless. The wind was howling drearily around the chimney of Nickel's cottage as Mr. Watson stood at the door, knocking gently. But nobody answered his knock, and his eyes turned to the blackness of the creek.

It was a tricky row, in the darkness, with a falling tide, but Mr. Watson negotiated the winding channel to the Gannet, black and

lifeless ahead. Mr. Watson came alongside carefully, and beat on the deck in the same peculiar fashion in which he had knocked at the cottage door.

The cabin door opened, and light showed for a moment in the well of the boat.

"That you, Nickel?" Mr. Watson asked in a low voice.

"Yes. What's the trouble?"

Mr. Watson crawled aboard and into the cabin. Nickel shut the door and unscreened the light. "It's all right," he called to some third person.

The hatch which led from the cabin to the forepeak slid sharply back, and a bearded face appeared: the face of Bealing who, only two days before, a coroner's jury had declared to be drowned.

"What's up?" he snapped out.

"That damned girl again," Watson snarled his reply. "She and Lynn. They've been in the passage to-night—or he has."

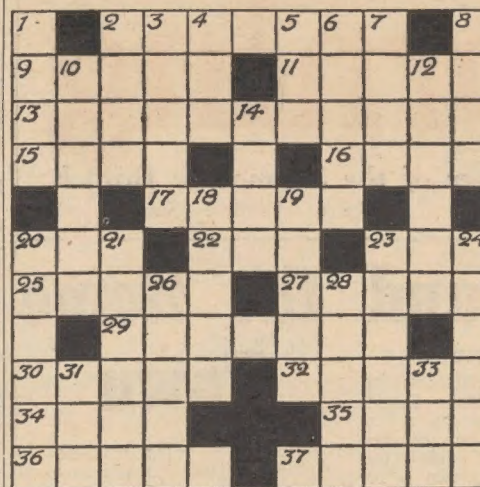
"Are you sure?"

"Quite. Annie said the girl was messing about down in the cellars after lunch to-day, and she watched for her. She went down again to-night—Annie's sure of it. She says Lynn must have got in by the yard entrance."

"Well, what of it?" Bealing asked defiantly. "Lynn can't get any farther than the water. Perhaps he's in it—I hope so." He lifted the top of one of the lockers and pulled out a whisky bottle. "Have a drink," he added.

"Don't you be a fool, now," Nickel put in suddenly. "I told you there was something wrong to-night. I told you I heard sounds. I don't like this, that's a fact I don't. Maybe there's a way

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Of heat.
- 9 Coalition.
- 11 Occurred.
- 13 Fellow-countrymen.
- 15 Birch.
- 16 Burlesque.
- 17 Sign.
- 20 Vehicle.
- 22 Drink.
- 23 Marshy tract.
- 25 Choose.
- 27 Local plants.
- 29 Querulous.
- 30 Animal's trail.
- 32 Marsh bird.
- 34 Get for working.
- 35 Destination.
- 36 Long oar.
- 37 Irascible.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Conduit.
- 2 Occasion.
- 3 Trusts.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Spoil.
- 6 Neighbours.
- 7 Roast.
- 8 Fun.
- 10 Ordinary.
- 12 Trifling coin.
- 14 Genuine.
- 18 Aquatic animal.
- 19 Ship's spars.
- 20 Stops.
- 21 Ahead of.
- 23 Pages.
- 24 Viz.
- 26 Hag.
- 28 Thrust.
- 31 Strike with hoof.
- 33 Opportune.

SPAR NEWS
AURAL GEESE
GLOWING VIA
ELM DOCKERS
SAT TUNNEL
T AGAPE Y
UNCURB WAD
MORTALS NAP
USE DEPLORE
LEASE YODEL
T MODE PEST

past the water; I've never seen that passage."

"But I have, and I tell you there isn't," Bealing said rudely. "And as for sounds, you're always hearing sounds. What are you so frightened about? The cave's free to any one who likes to go into it, isn't it?"

He poured himself out a stiff peg, and pushed the bottle across to Watson.

"That's all rot," Watson answered testily. "If he had any suspicions, that would put him off the scent. You weren't so infernally cocksure last night."

"No—that he wasn't," Nickel growled. "Bealing's always very brave when he's had one or two."

Bealing scowled. Nickel was right when he suggested that the man had been drinking heavily, and Watson knew of old the truculence that came upon his companion when inflamed by drink. Bealing harked back to his old theme.

"What's there to be frightened about, anyhow?" he demanded. "Can't we go into the cave if we want to? Haven't we as much right to that treasure as that simpering girl of Pendrew's, or Mr. Martin Lynn, or anybody else? I can tell you this—if the rest of you want to get out of it, get out. I'll go on by myself. And if you squeal, you'd better look out for yourselves, that's all. I've had all the dirty work to do in this job, and I'm going to have something out of it. Do you understand me?"

He glared at his companions. Nickel met his gaze with his usual wooden expression.

"Get it over quick is what I says," he urged. "If the stuff's up there in the roof, let's get at it. Then you can get away with your share and no questions asked, Bealing."

"Yes, that's right. Rush it," Bealing sneered. "Bungle the whole thing and leave half the stuff—or all of it—for someone

else to find! That's not my idea. The job's got to be done slowly. We've got to wait for the tides. If we wait till Tuesday we've a whole fortnight to work uninterrupted. Find the treasure, get the boat round, shove it in, and away on the first thick night."

(To be continued)

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend.

Charles Lamb.

Aunt Jane observed, the second time she tumbled off a bus, The step is short from the Sublime To the Ridiculous.

Harry Graham.

Old and New



In their campaigning days these Chelsea Pensioners had no "Army transport" except their feet. They were the P.B.I. This week-end they tried out the latest in Army transport, the Jeep. They rode in state in a Southport procession.

Said one of them, 74-year-old Edward Gunner: "This is fine. I'd like to take a trip back to London in one of these things." But the picture above shows that modern youth in the modern Forces gets more fun out of old-fashioned contraptions.

JANE



USELESS EUSTACE



"'Ear that, Nobby? 'E wants to know if he's included in the list when we free the oppressed peoples—!"

WANGLING WORDS—322

1. Put a thieving bird in CS and get some criminals.
2. In the following song title, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Gnubnir het peek rifles meho.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change DOOR into BARN and then back again into DOOR, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden foreign language in: Is there an "h" in "dust," an "i" in "must," or an "l" in "bust"?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 321

1. WHIEKS.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. NEXT, nest, pest, past, LAST, lest, test, text, NEXT.
4. That-cher.

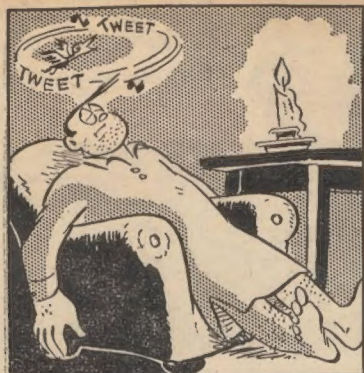
QUIZ for today

1. A pipkin is an apple, baby, young pig, earthen pot, silly boy, small potato?
2. Who wrote (a) The Ugly Duchess, (b) The Duchess of Malfi?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Hebe, Venus, Jove, Juno, Aphrodite, Minerva?
4. Name three English coins adding up to 7s. 9d.
5. How long does a game of water polo last?
6. Which is nearer to London, Edinburgh or Land's End?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Incessant, Incandescant, Insolvent, Insular, Ingrediant, Induction.
8. What Roman Emperor had an eye-glass made of clear emerald?
9. How many black squares are there on a draught-board?
10. What is the principal town in the Shetland Islands?
11. Whom did Queen Victoria succeed?
12. How many British wild plants can you think of which are popularly named after dishes?

Answers to Quiz in No. 375

1. Mill.
2. (a) Kipling, (b) Bret Harte.
3. Lancaster is a town; others are counties.
4. Joseph Smith.
5. Billiards.
6. Norwegian; skating.
7. Overmantel, Opossum.
8. 44 yards by 20 yards.
9. Quoits.
10. A famous juggler.
11. The Rigsdag.
12. Texas.

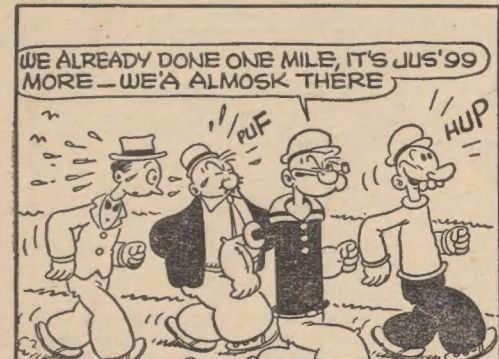
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



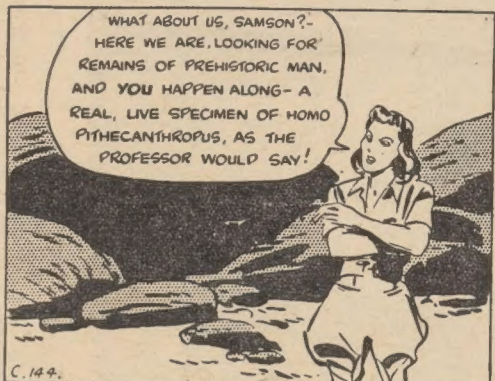
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



£100 Dresses for the troops

By Dick Gordon

GLAMOROUS luxury gowns made for film stars and costing anything up to £100 each are now being used to dress girls in Forces' entertainments.

The dresses are being loaned to them by Gainsborough Pictures because of the present difficulty in getting suitable clothes for the scores of plays, concerts and variety shows in camps throughout the country.

Thus it is possible for Private Nancy Smith, A.T.S., to appear at her garrison theatre in the original evening dress that caused cinema fans to sigh in wonderment when their favourite star stepped out.

Brain behind this new idea to save materials and coupons is Maurice Ostrer, head of Gainsborough Pictures. In 1941, when clothes rationing came into being, Ostrer suggested to the British Film Producers' Association that studios "pool" their wardrobes and help one another in the matter of dresses. In this way the Shepherd's Bush Studios alone have saved 23,000 coupons since the pooling arrangement began.

So useful was the scheme that within a few months it was extended to embrace the theatre industry, and now, by arrangement with E.N.S.A., Forces' units can call upon the studios for any garment.

When I visited the studios recently I found a party of W.A.A.F.s being fitted for a revue at their station in a South-West town. One was wearing a parchment satin evening dress that was worn by Margaret Lockwood in "Alibi" and cost £42. Another was trying on a snugly fitting ice-blue corded silk costume that was made for Bebe Daniels in "Hi! Gang." "My!" said the W.A.A.F. when she saw the couturier's label, "this is a real treat!" The costume originally cost £30.

I walked through the airy, moth-balled storeroom with Ernest Beha, who runs the department, and saw creations that would make a woman sigh with delight. Most striking article in one section was a black velvet coat, embroidered in gold, that originally cost £195—and that was before purchase tax for luxury articles reached 100 per cent.

Every article of clothing, from a pair of football boots to now unobtainable crepe-de-chine lingerie and shimmering sequin costumes, was here for the asking.

In the steel-lined, padlocked fur section was a beautiful white fox fur coat that had changed hands for £400.

It took Beha, and a staff of four, six months to classify, number and measure the 7,000-odd articles that were in the wardrobe when this amazing organisation was first thought of. Since then hundreds of the dresses have been photographed on living models and catalogued.

"And how long does a dress last?" I asked him. "That mainly depends on the material it is made of," was the reply. "Some of our dresses have been going in and out of the studios for the past two years, and are still wearable. Careful cleaning and the non-stop battle against moths help to lengthen the life of a dress, but when one becomes very worn we either relegate it to the 'character' department, or revive it by alteration or decoration."

"It is not easy to find suitable decorations for a dress at the moment. Embroidery, diamante and the like are almost unobtainable, while sequins have long since disappeared from the shops."

E.N.S.A., of course, is particularly baffled by this problem. Imagine having to create some 500 costumes every week! Imagine, also, that you have several thousand more under your care. That is the problem—how to make coupon allowances go as far as possible. These days every costume has to do the work of three or four. And flimsy stage garments, in spite of war-time attempts to make them durable, do not take kindly to constant packing and unpacking and the hurly-burly of constant touring.

One way of lengthening the life of a garment is to have it cleaned and repaired as soon as damage becomes noticeable. But as E.N.S.A. artistes seldom remain at one location for longer than a week, the cleaning bogey is ever present. And so Miss Jean Weldon, E.N.S.A.'s Wardrobe Inspector, established a repair shop at Chester, to which artistes could bring their costumes for cleaning, repairing and alterations. All to be done within a week. Also, a small stock was maintained, so that artistes could borrow from it while the work was being done.

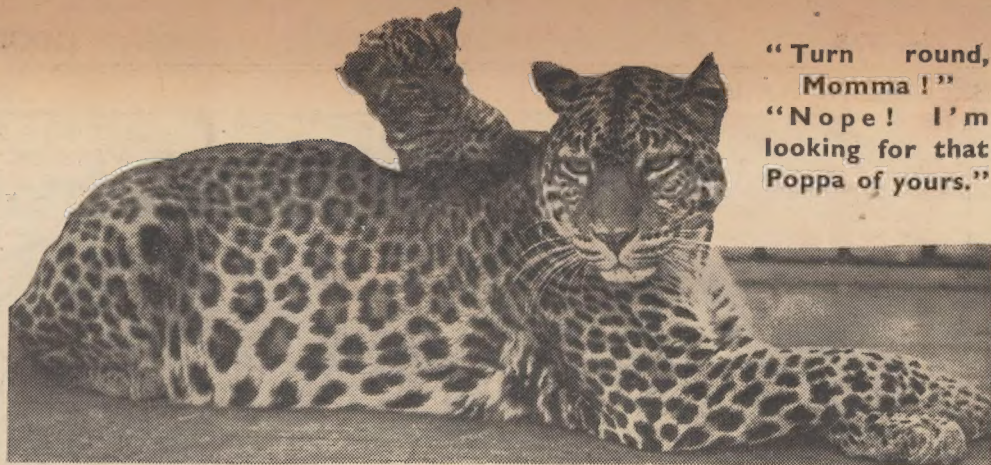
Since the Chester experiment, another repair shop has been started in Winchester. Two more are to follow, one shortly at Swansea. Another, later, at Newcastle, to cover the Northern areas. Further steps in E.N.S.A.'s campaign to save valuable coupons.

Alex Cracks

Little Mary was left to prepare the meal. When the mother returned with a friend she noticed that Mary had the tea strained. "Did you find the lost strainer?" mother asked. "No, mother, I couldn't, so I used the fly-swatter. Mother nearly swooned, so Mary hastily added, "Don't get excited, mother; I used the old one."

Good Morning

★
Renee, one of the beauties of the Windmill Theatre, London, does a little stretching — just to try out her 2-way stretch 2-piece.
★



"Turn round, Momma!"
"Nope! I'm looking for that Poppa of yours."

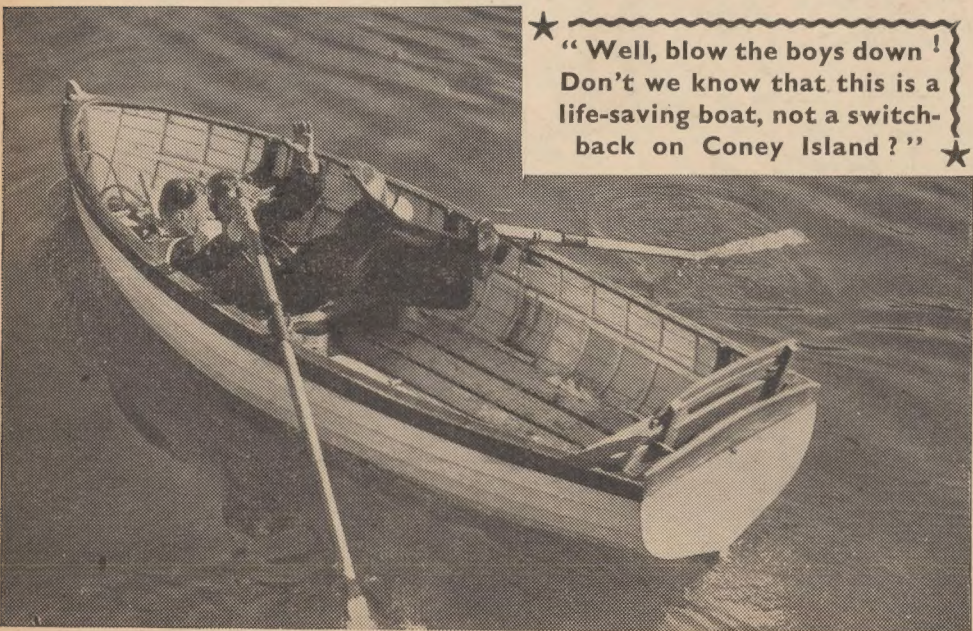


"Pardon me, gents. Do you realise it's well past closing-time? After all — I don't make the rules of this establishment."



Bonnie Scotland

Sassenachs, or not: let me present the finest street in the finest city in the world: Princes Street, Edinburgh. What? El Prado, Madrid, or Rua Braganza, Rio? Twaddle!



★
"Well, blow the boys down! Don't we know that this is a life-saving boat, not a switch-back on Coney Island?"
★



"Coming out of your glass case to-night, Mister?"
"Sorry, Sister, I'm firewatching. And what a fire!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Och aye! Grant us that."